

# THE WINDSOR MEDLEY:

BEING  
A Choice COLLECTION of several  
Curious Picces in PROSE and VERSE:  
That were handed about in MANUSCRIPT  
and PRINT,  
During the Stay of the Court at WINDSOR-CASTLE  
last Summer.

Most of them never before Printed.

## V I Z.

A most ingenious Epigram upon  
Miss F—n—s; and another on  
Miss P—

Lord H—r—y to Mr. S F—x.

Some Account of a Booby of  
Quality lately exported beyond  
Sea on his Travels.

Verses upon a Mistake that hap-  
pen'd in administering a Clyster  
to a Lady of Quality at Windsor.

A Copy of Verses upon the Al-  
dermen of London.

The Windsor Ballad.

Several Epigrams on the Poet  
Laureat, by some of the best  
Hands. Also the New-Year's  
Day Ode.

A most remarkable Letter from  
a Dorsetshire Attorney to his

Kinsman, relating to the Judges  
refusing to sign his Certificate.

A King at Arms disarm'd at  
Law, a Ballad.

A Welsh Surgeon's Bill for a Wi-  
dow Inn-keeper at Oswaldstree.  
Blasphemy as Old as the Crea-  
tion, an incomparable Satyr.

Ruth the Quaker, her Rebuke to  
the Craftsman, and her Exhor-  
tation to Peace and Unity, in  
an Epistle to a certain Great  
Man.

Cloe's Precaution.

An Epistle from Jack Kerch, to  
the Rape-Master-General.

On an old Batchelor of Seventy,  
his making Love to a Maiden  
of Fifteen in Westminster.

Together with numbers of other very curious Things, not  
mentioned in the TITLE.

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The THIRD EDITION Corrected, with large Additions.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's; and sold by the  
Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1731.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIBRARY  
A GROSS COLLECTION of several

Original Papers in French and German  
that were found in a Manuscript

in the Library of the University of Michigan  
in the year 1847

The following is a list of the  
papers found in the Manuscript

1. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan

2. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan

3. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan

4. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan

5. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan

6. A letter from the University of Michigan  
to the University of Michigan





( 1 )

On Miss Kitty F—n—ls.

I.



UPID, with *Ganymede* to play,  
Had laid his Wings aside;  
And left they should be stoln away,  
Sat on his Darts astride:  
For oft the God had to his Cost,  
(As *Prior* sweetly sings)  
His Quiver, Bow and Arrow lost,  
But never lost his Wings.

II.

Miss Kitty, Love's great Favourite!  
Was there a Stander-by,  
And hit upon a new Conceit,  
Which she resolv'd to try:  
She oft had heard her Lovers sigh,  
And praise her Angel-Face,  
And raise her Beauties to the Sky,  
Where they deserv'd a Place.

III.

She wou'd not trust the flattering Youth,  
And gave a careless Ear;  
Yet fain at H—n wou'd know the Truth,  
But how shou'd she get there?

B

The

The Urchin's Wings wou'd fit her Shape,  
 And put it to a Tryal;  
 Yet durst not ask the waggish Ape,  
 She fear'd a pert Denial.

## IV.

Young *Cupid* without Thought or Care,  
 Of no Design afraid,  
 Did not suspect the wily Fair,  
 The seeming harmless Maid:  
 Whilst Joke and witty Repartee  
 'Twixt him and *Gany* past,  
 She stole his Wings, and merrily,  
 To *P—r's* Gate did haste.

## V.

Arriving soon, and rapping hard,  
 Like hasty *Seraphim*,  
*P—r* did to his Post repair,  
 To let the Angel in.  
 When Porter *P—r* ope'd the Door,  
 And saw her Face and Mien;  
 Of Bows and Scrapes he made some Score,  
 Expecting she'd come in:

## VI.

But pointing to the Earth, the Fair,  
 Then laughing, said aloud,  
 I'd rather be an Angel there,  
 Than one amongst a Croud.





To Miss P—

I.

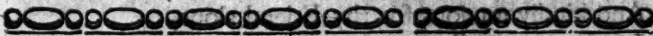
**W**H Y all this Pride and Scorn, Miss P—  
Your Sister's fair, 'tis true;  
But still to boast of Charms or Wit,  
What just Pretence have you?

II.

With equal Right the livid Moon  
Might boast her borrow'd Light;  
And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er shone,  
The World would think her bright.

III.

Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,  
Some Pity on her shew;  
She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)  
Her Friend, or G—, for you.



Lord H—rv—y, To Mr. S. F—x. *Written*  
*at Florence. In Imitation of Horace.*  
Ode the 6th, Book II.

*Septime, Gades aditure Mecum.*

**T**HOU dearest Youth, who taught me first to  
know

What Pleasures from a real Friendship flow;

B 2

Where



Where neither Interest nor Design have part,  
 But all the Warmth is Native to the Heart:  
 Thou know'st to comfort, sooth, or entertain,  
 Joy of my Health, and Cordial to my Pain.

WHEN Life seem'd failing on her latest Stage,  
 And fell Disease anticipated Age;  
 When wasting Sickness and afflictive Pain  
 By *Esculapius*' Sons oppos'd in vain,  
 Forc'd me reluctant desperate to explore  
 A warmer Sun, and seek a milder Shore:  
 Thy steady Love with unexampled Truth,  
 Forsook each gay Companion of thy Youth:  
 Whate'er the Prosperous, or the Great employs,  
 Business, and Interest, and Love's softer Joys;  
 The weary Steps of Misery to attend;  
 To share Distress, and make a Wretch thy Friend.  
 If o'er the Mountain's snowy Height we stray,  
 Where *Cartbage* first explor'd the vent'rous Way;  
 Or through the tainted Air of *Rome*'s parch'd Plains,  
 Where Want resides, and Superstition reigns;  
 Cheerful and unrepining still you bear  
 Each dangerous Rigour of the various Year;  
 And kindly anxious for thy Friend alone,  
 Lament his Sufferings, and forget your own.  
 Oh! would kind Heavens, these tedious Sufferings past,  
 Permit me *Ickworth*, Rest and Health at last;  
 In that lov'd Shade, my Youth's delightful Seat,  
 My early Pleasure, and my late Retreat;  
 Where lavish Nature's favourite Blessings flow,  
 And all the Seasons, all their Sweets bestow;  
 There might I trifle carelessly away  
 The milder Evening of Life's clouded Day:

From

From Business and the World's Intrusion free,  
 With Books, with Love, with Beauty, and with Thee;  
 No farther Want, no Wish yet unpossess'd,  
 Cou'd e'er disturb this unambitious Breast.  
 Let those who Fortune's shining Gifts implore,  
 Who sue for Glory, Splendour, Wealth or Power;  
 View this inactive State with scornful Eyes,  
 And Pleasures, they can never taste, despise:  
 Let them still court that Goddess' falser Joys,  
 Who whilst she grants their Prayer, their Peace destroys.  
 I envy not the firmest of the Great,  
 Not *W*—le's Self, directing *Europe's* State;  
 Still let him load Ambition's thorny Shrink,  
 Fame be his Portion, and Contentment mine.  
 But if the Gods sinister still deny  
 To live in *Ickworth*, let me there but die:  
 Thy Hand to close my Eyes in Death's long Night,  
 Thy Image to attract their latest Sight;  
 Then to the Grave attend thy Poet's Hearse,  
 And love his Memory, as you lov'd his Verse.



*The Disappointed MAID.*

I.

**D**AMON ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd,  
 Resolving to snap him, the next time he try'd;  
 But alas, he's determin'd to ask me no more,  
 And now makes his Court to the fair *Leonore*.

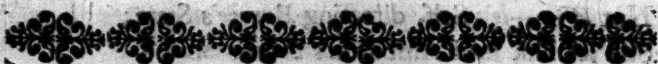
2.

2.

BUT how'er I'll not grieve, for I'm fully assur'd,  
He ne'er would have taken a Maid at her Word;  
Tho' he's fawning and cringing, I'll venture to say,  
The Lover is cold, that will take the first nay.

3.

HAD his Love been sincere, and he really in pain,  
I'm sure he'd have ask'd me again and again:  
So adieu, let him go, for I ne'er will be vex'd;  
The Swain that's in earnest, allows for the Sex.



### *The Maiden's HUSBAND.*

1.

**G**ENTEEL in Personage,  
Conduct and Equipage,

Noble by Heritage,

Generous and free.

Brave, not romantick,

Learn'd, not Pendantick,

Gay, but not frantick,

This must be he.

2.

HONOUR maintaining,

Meanness disdaining,

Still entertaining,

Engaging and New.

Neat, but not finical,

Sage, but not Cynical,

Never tyrannical,

But ever true.

*The*

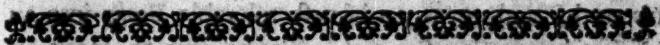




*The Batchelor's WIFE.*

**W**ITHOUT Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty.

Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty ;  
 Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free,  
 Without Art, as lovely, as lovely can be.  
 She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,  
 Regardless alike, both of Censure and Praise;  
 But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions  
 are such,  
 That none can admire them, or praise them too much.



*An EPIGRAM on Miss K. A--lf-n.*

*By Mr. H.*

**T**O heal the Wound, a BEE had made,  
 Upon my Kitty's Face,  
 Honey upon her Cheek she laid,  
 And bid me Kifs the place.

PLEAS'D I obey'd, and from the Wound  
 Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;  
 The Honey on my Lips I found,  
 The Sting within my Heart.

*Some*

*Some Account of a Booby of Quality lately  
exported beyond Sea, on his Travels.*

I HAVE often lamented and complain'd, that Men will be making themselves greater Fools than Nature intended they should be, by endeavouring to make themselves wiser. Few Men are fit for every Part of Education, and yet every sort of Education is made, in one Instance or another, to suit every sort of Men. But there is scarce any Species of Breeding so signally prostituted as that of *Travelling*, which frequently polishes a young Fellow, as it were, in spite of his teeth, and turns an honest tolerable *Booby* into an insufferable prating *Coxcomb*. To be able to speak, is the most unfortunate Lesson a Simpleton can learn; but if he is taught to profane Pen, Ink, and Paper, and can write, the Curse is still heavier. When this happens, Heaven shew Mercy, and grant Patience to his Friends and Acquaintance!

I would not be understood, here, as if I was for debarring any hopeful young Gentleman of *this Class* from every Kind of Learning: no, I am for allowing him a good Share of it, and full as much as he wants: He shall learn his *Primer*, and the *Church Catechism*, and be taught to set his *Mark* to any Deed or Writing whatsoever. This is *Book Learning* enough in all conscience

science for *him*, provided he aspires no higher than to be Knight of the Shire, or Chairman at the Quarter-Sessions, or Foreman of the Grand-Jury at the Assizes, or Chief Toaster at a Drinking-Match. But be it enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that, if ever the said Squire presume to make an Elopement from Nature, and his inborn Stupidity, and the hereditary Heaviness of his Family; and, in defiance of this my Ordinance and Injunction, profanely and sacrilegiously take upon himself the Stile and Title of *Gentleman*, in any other Sense, than as the same is borrow'd from Money, or *ancient Blood*; he is then to be treated as a Lunatick, and one out of his Mind.

I fell into these Reflections from what happen'd to me not long since, upon visiting a Gentleman in *Suffex*, whose eldest Son is now performing his Travels. The old Man told me that his Son was a most ingenious young Man; that he had kept him nine Years at a Grammar-School, and that he could give a Horse a Purge when he was but sixteen Years of Age; that he used to puzzle all the Maids in the Family at *Questions and Commands*, and he did not doubt but he would be a Great Man. My Boy, says the old Man to me, is very punctual in his Duty to me; he writes me a Letter at least once a Quarter, and never forgets to remember his kind Love to his Mother, and Margery the House-keeper, who was his dry Nurse. He then shew'd me several of his Son's Letters, in which he told me I should see the young Rogue had Wit at Will. The following one was so remarkable, that I read it over 'till I got it by Heart; and I now publish it for the Honour of the Author, and the Entertainment of my ever-courteous Reader.



Paris, *this Eleventh Day of September, Anno Domini 1730.*

*Worshipful Sir,*

“ THIS is not forgetting my Respects to my  
 “ loving Mother and our *Margery*. When we  
 “ come over the Sea from *Harwich*, it raged like any  
 “ mad, and I cast up all that was within me. I was  
 “ very sick indeed; that I was—But I had kept the  
 “ Neat’s Tongue which my Mother put into my Pocket  
 “ at Parting, the last Thing she did, and every now and  
 “ then I nibb’d a Bit on’t, to keep the Wind out of my  
 “ Stomach, as Mother said I should.

“ OUR *John*, that you put in Livery for me, takes  
 “ great Care of me, as Mother bid him: he lies with  
 “ me every Night. I met Mr. *Stopcock* at the *Hague*:  
 “ you know he was once our Exciseman at *Ar—d—l*;  
 “ and he and I drank a Bottle together. And more-  
 “ over than that, I likewise met *Will Runnit*, who left  
 “ our Parish a great while ago and was a Trooper:  
 “ he now sells Wash-Balls at *Amsterdam*, and he and I  
 “ crack’d a Bottle too. I keeps none but the best of  
 “ Company, and our *John* is never from me.

“ I never saw so many Rivers in any County in  
 “ *England* where I have been as there is in *Holland*;  
 “ but we have more Timber growing than they have,  
 “ and we have sweeter Butter, especially in the *May*-  
 “ Month, and our *John* says the same. They tells me  
 “ there is not a Bishop in *Holland*, and I did not see  
 “ so much as one Surplice in it; so you may guess,  
 “ Father, whether they be Christians. The People be  
 “ for ever doing something; so don’t suppose they  
 “ keep the Sabbath, and our *John* is of the same  
 “ Mind.

“ WHEN

" WHEN we came into *Popish* Countries, there I  
 " met with Cathedrals again, many's the one, of which  
 " I was very glad on't, and so was our *John*. But  
 " when I went into them at first, I wou'd not d'off  
 " my Hat, because they belong'd to *Popish* Idolatry :  
 " 'till at last a fat Parson, without either a Shirt or a  
 " Pair of Shoes, and a great Rope about his Middle,  
 " look'd grievous angry, and gabbled at me in the out-  
 " landish Tongue, as much as to say, *Pull off your Hat* ;  
 " and I was afraid he would do me a mischief, and so  
 " I did so.—But however, I told him, *My Father had*  
 " *as good an Estate as he, and was a Justice of Peace*  
 " *into the Bargain*. This I believe frighten'd him ; and  
 " besides, our *John* stood by me all the while with his  
 " Fist clinch'd ; and so the fat Parson shabb'd off, and  
 " so there was no Danger.

" Y O U can't imagine, Father, and no more can't  
 " Mother, what huge great Wax Candles they use here  
 " in *Popish* Countries upon their Altars. I warrant  
 " every one of them has five Pounds of Tallow in it.  
 " Our *John* says, he never saw the like, tho' he travell'd  
 " once before when he was at, the *Isle of Man*. The  
 " *Papishes* have their *Common-Prayer-Book* all in *Latin*,  
 " which it tells them is a burning Shame, and persuades  
 " them to be of the Church of *England* ; but I find  
 " they don't value our Church no more than nothing,  
 " and the *Presbyterians* be little better : so I can hard-  
 " ly meet with a Christian in these outlandish Coun-  
 " tries.

" SINCE I came from Home, I have seen, among  
 " other strange Sights, one Man plowing with one  
 " Horse ; which to be sure saves a Number of Money.  
 " I wish, Father, you had as much Sense in *England*.  
 " Our *John* will try to do it when we come Home,

" if you will submit yourself to be advis'd by him  
 " and me.

" THE *French* Folks don't live near so well as we do  
 " in *England*, and our Beef is fatter than theirs by at  
 " least an Inch on the Rib, and they never make any  
 " Pudding at all. But they eat *Frogs* like any mad, and  
 " the Devil and all of Onions. Our *John* is heart-sick  
 " of their Diet. Tho' their Churches be very brave  
 " and neat, yet I likes nothing in them, but the Organs  
 " and the Ring of Bells; all the rest is *Popish Idolatry*.  
 " In *Holland*, the Church establish'd by Law, is all Dis-  
 " senters and Presbyterians, and so I did not go to  
 " Church because they be all *Schismaticks*, which is  
 " as bad as *Popish Idolatry*, and our *John* don't like  
 " either of them.

" HERE in *France* the King is as cunning as other  
 " Folks, for he does keep a great quantity of Soldiers  
 " and Dragoons; and so they have had no *Rebellions*  
 " nor *Meeting-Houses* here this many a Day. I wish,  
 " Father, you had the Sense to be, as wise in *England*.  
 " A great quantity of the *French* Parsons be out of  
 " Conceit with the Government that rules at present,  
 " but our *John* says, the *Red-coats* will make them  
 " know themselves.

" THIS Town of *Paris* is a main big Town, and  
 " has a power of Hackney-Coaches in it. My Cloaths  
 " with the Silver Buttons is as fresh as if I had put it on  
 " but Yesterday, as our *John* can tell. I wore it two  
 " Days ago at a Ball, where there was a good many  
 " fine Folks, but I find they don't know much of Coun-  
 " try Dances here; for when I call'd for *Moll-Plasket*,  
 " and afterwards for *Bury-Fair*, the Fiddlers knew no-  
 " thing of them, and no more did not the Company.  
 " There was a Colonel there that look'd very hard at  
 " me;



" me; I doubted he was going to press me for a Trooper,  
 " and so I stole softly down Stairs and run home, and  
 " our *John* with me, as hard as we could drive.

" *THIS* with my kind Love and our *John's* to you,  
 " and Mother, and our *Margery*, and *John's* Service  
 " to *Peg Hatcher* the Wheeler's Daughter. So no  
 " more at present from,

*Worshipful Father,*

*Your ever loving Son, till Death,*

OLIVER GAPE.



*Verses upon a Mistake that happened in  
 administering a Clyster to a Lady at  
 Windsor.*

*Tune of Hey-derry-down.*

I.  
**Y**OU Fair, who play Tricks to be fairer, draw near,  
 As a Warning to tamper no more, you shall hear  
 What a prank of this kind had one like to have cost,  
 And the best in all Christendom had like to have lost.

*Derry-down.*

2.  
**A**LL know what is good to assist the Digestion,  
 To clear Poets Brains, and a Lady's Complexion;  
 To name it out-right, I've been told 'tis not clean,  
 And none are so dull not to know what I mean.

3.  
A Nymph who ne'er yet work'd in Hymen's soft Yoke,  
To heighten her Charms, once this Med'cine bespoke;  
She's Chaste, as she's Fair, and a Virgin of Honour,  
Who lawfully wishes to take Man upon her.

4.  
NONE hold it absurd, that to brighten her Face,  
She should think of applying a Wash to her A—e;  
If a fair Flower droops, to enliven the Shoot,  
You touch not the Top, but you water the Root.

5.  
THE Things were all ready, the Nymph on her Bed,  
Her B——lay exalted, and lowlay her Head;  
Her Coats o'er her Neck were conveniently thrown,  
And I wou'd, but I dare not, tell all that was shown.

6.  
THE Maid now approaches to begin Operation,  
No Monarch, I ween, but might covet the Station;  
Laud! what are you fumbling; she cry'd, *Betty* come,  
If you follow your Nose, you're as sure as a Gun.

7.  
WITH your Hand try the Heat tho' before you begin,  
And for G—'s sake take care to grease well the Machine;  
For your Thing is so stiff, and my Hole is so small,  
If you enter too roughly, I surely shall squaul.

8.  
NEVER doubt of my Caution, poor *Betty* reply'd,  
But lend your Hand, my dear Miss, and that shall be my  
Guide;

Miss lent her her Hand, and Miss gave her her Cue,  
But her Business, alas! *Betty's* Thing wou'd not do.

9.  
IT was thrust in as far as 'twou'd go, but in vain,  
Miss cry'd, I feel nothing, good *Betty*, but Pain;

And

And such Pain, that not more I believe 'twould have cost,  
Were a Man on the Bed, and my Maiden-head lost.

10.

LET us open the Bladder—the Devil, what's here?  
I smell Vinegar sure—Is this, *Betty*, your care?  
Pray see all the Liquor is turn'd to a Curd,  
'Tis no wonder your Clyster don't prove worth a T—d.

11.

How the old Proverb lyes, that says, Sh—n Luck's  
good!  
Had I taken the Medicine, 't had surely fetch'd Blood;  
Nay, so sharp is it's Nature, if once that come there,  
I believe it had flea'd me all around to a Hair.

12.

WHEN Danger was near, one thanks G—for the  
'Scape,  
I could not ha' been gladder had it been from a Rape.  
Then I'll try no more Tricks, but let Nature prevail,  
For it shan't be a Maid that pokes next in my T—l.

13.

So she drest, and away to the Circle at C—t,  
The Brightest of all, where the Brightest resort;  
Nor wanted to borrow Assistance from Art,  
To delight every Eye, and attack every Heart.







*A Copy of VERSES spoken Off-hand,  
in a Barge, last Lord-Mayor's Day, over  
a Bowl of Punch.*

**N**OT cloſer to his Book ſtuck learn'd *Salmaſius*,  
Than to his Duty of Lord Mayor, *BROCAſTUS*.

Let this be written over *PARSONS' Door*,

\* *My Gates are open, but my Heart is more.*

The *FATHER* of the *CITY*, lo! appears,  
Bending beneath the Weight of *Wealth* and *Tears*.

Tho' Rich, not Prodigal; tho' Gay, not Wild:

No Man will better fill the Chair than *CHILD*.

*HUMPHREYS*, altho' his *Oil* is almoſt ſpent,

Yet trims his *Lamp*, and waits a bleſt Event.

What Man or Woman wou'd not, charming *EXLE*!

The Graces of thy Mien and Speech beguile?

Quick to the *Poor's* Complaints, but deaf to Praise,

Is *LOMBARD*—No farther this Deponent ſays.

Fam'd for ſound Senſe and Honesty is *WILLIAMS*;

And, for his Blood, conſult old Herald *Guillims*.

The Bold are Fortune's Fav'rites. In Char'ots

Thus *PRINTERS* ride, while *Authors* ſtarve in Garrets.

Thy Sire and Grandfire's Character, Oh *PERRY*,

Is thine exactly; that is, *Wiſe and Merry*.

To give each Man his due, tho' Whig or Tory,

Nay, ev'n the Dev'l, is, *BELLAMY*, thy Glory.

\* *Janus pater, Cor magis.* The Inſcription on a Nobleman's Gate  
in *Italy*.

ALSO,

ALSO, I'm certain, would not care a F—t,  
 Ev'n tho' there were a *Window* in his *Heart*.  
 Curse on the *South-Sea* Scheme! in that *Disaster*  
 Thou wert too honest, poor Sir *HARCOURT MASTER*!  
 Bold *BILLERS*, more than any Man alive,  
 Clears, of pernicious *Drones*, the City *Hive*.  
 When in the *Senate* *BARNARD* speaks, all cry,  
*Hear him!* and lay their several *Passions* by.  
 Had *BAYLIS* any *Failure* or *Defect*,  
 Yet the *King's Picture* wou'd command *Respect*.  
 Promote the *Service* of the grateful *HANKEY*,  
 With *solid Gold*, not *frothy Words*, he'll thank ye.  
 What says the *Muse* of good Sir *GERARD CONTER*?  
 Tho' old, not weak; tho' hard, a *Man of Honour*.  
 Not for the *King* more *Ardour* *Dimmock* shows,  
 Than in the *City-CHAMPION's* *Bosom* glows.  
 He that bespatters or defames *JOHN SALTER*,  
 Let him be whom he will, deserves a *Halter*.  
 Whoe'er courts *Fortune* vigorously, as *BECHER*,  
 He shall, in time, like other *Females*, reach her.  
*PEERS* is the *Muse's Friend*: May therefore *PEERS*  
 See many, many more revolving *Years*.  
 Like his own *Wine*, chearful and yet sincere,  
 Is *TASH's* *Character*, *Vive le bonnie chere!*  
 Another *Toast* remains (a *quondam* *Shreeve*) It—  
 —But when I do not like a thing, I *LEAVE-IT*.





### *The WINDSOR Ballad.*

*Tune, Come follow, follow me, ye Fairy Elves.*

1.  
**W**HEN *London's* famous Town,  
Is almost left alone :  
And Beaus and Belles retreat  
From Duns and empty Streets ;  
The founder'd Hack and rusty Chaise,  
Runs to fair *Windsor* there to gaze.

2.  
O'ER *Hounslow-Heath* away,  
If no C—tier bids us stay ;  
We soon the *Hill* ascend,  
And there's our Journey's end :  
The *Town-ball* first salutes our Ears,  
With thund'ring Oaths of Grenadiers.

3.  
THE *Hofstler* he's in fight,  
Before we mean to 'light ;  
The *Barber* spies his Prey,  
The *Shoe-Boy's* in your way ;  
And ev'ry Sharper in the Place,  
Stares us fiercely in the Face.

4.  
THEN to the Coffee-Room,  
There's Powder and Perfume ;

Where



Where pamper'd Minions prate,  
Of *BRITAIN's happy State*;  
Whom Trade's Decay nor Taxes feel,  
But Drink and Wh—re, and cry *all's-well*.

5.  
We view the *Castle* round,  
With Prospects that abound;  
We see the *Champion's Hall*,  
And ev'ry *Noble's Stall*;  
Where *Holy Men* unite in Pray'r,  
While *Booted Cits* croud in to stare.

6.  
The *Mermaid, Bell-and Hart*,  
Our Purfes sure make smart;  
High Bills without controul,  
For Wine, Fish, Flesh and Fowl;  
And when we bid the House farewell,  
They hardly ring the *wellcome Knell*.

7.  
Th' *Assembly* and the *Park*;  
Supply each wanton Spark;  
With Damsels for delight,  
In Honour of the *KNIGHT*;  
The Story's true, I do not forge,  
Each Lads at Night must mount *St. GEORGE*.



*To Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.*

ON rattling Floors did late thy Flail rebound,  
But CAROLINE now *Richmond* Groves rebound;  
For scanty Wages then thou thresh'dst the Grain,  
But now for House and Pension bear'st thy Brain.

SHOULD hungry Poets at thy Fortune rail,  
Lay down thy Quill, and at them with thy Flail;  
But if too meek, thou'rt loth to knock 'em down,  
Then, prithee STEPHEN, lend them Half a Crown.

THIS, for the present; but if kinder still,  
Thou'dst have the Wretches eat and drink their fill,  
Thy Barn resign; there may their Hands supply,  
That kind Support, which here their Heads deny.



*On Conjugal Sincerity.*

WHEN *Fondle-Wife*, now sick and like to die,  
Call'd his dear Spouse to give her a good-b'ye;  
Through all his House they heard his ruefull Moan,  
And her as loud returning Groan for Groan.  
The Grief was one; but, ah! the Ails were two,  
That made these Turtle-Doves keep such ado.  
He wept, left to old Nick he soon should go;  
But left he should not, gives her all her Woe.



*An EPIGRAM.*

**W**ELL, said APOLLO, still 'tis mine,  
To give the real Laurel:  
For that my POPE, my Son Divine,  
Of Rivals ends the Quarrel.

BUT guessing who would have the Luck,  
To be the B——day Fibber,  
I thought of DENNIS, TIBBALD, DUCK,  
But never dreamt of CIBBER.



*Another.*

**I**N ancient Days, when Pensions, Bribes, and Screens  
Were things unknown in Senate, and at Court;  
Then was the glorious time, when Kings and Queens  
For Pride kept Poets, and kept Fools for sport:  
But now Frugality, which bears such Rule,  
Joins Pride and Sport, a POET and a FOOL.

*Another.*



*Another.*

**W**HEN POPE display'd in pompous Rhyme,  
The Reign of *Dullness* in our Clime:

EUSDEN (quoth he) *shall wear the Bays,*

CIBBER be *Chancellor of Plays:*

When EUSDEN stroop'd, alas! to Fate,

CIBBER upheld, alone, her State:

Then for one Place, she gave him two;

No other way the Goddess knew,

*Her own Out-doings, to out-do.*

*A QUESTION.*

**T**ELL if you can which did the worse,  
*Caligula, or Gr—'s Gr—ce :*

That made a Consul of a Horse;

And this a Laureate of an Ass;

*A genuine Copy of a real Letter that was lately sent by a Person who had practis'd as an Attorney and Sollicitor for eight Years at Sh—— in Dorsetshire, to a Friend in the Country, upon his Certificate not being allow'd nor sign'd pursuant to the late Act of Parliament for regulating Attorneys, &c.*

*Dear Cousen,*

*London.*

“ **W**HAT I am going to rite to you, will per-  
 “ haps greatly reprize you. I have bin laber-  
 “ ing here twelve Days successsfully to git my Sirtesekate.  
 “ fined by the Judgis. Nather Mr. ——— the *Member*,  
 “ nor *Counfiller* ——— would abscribe a Petition for  
 “ me, tho’ I voted for the former, and has given so  
 “ many Breefs to the latter : and *Sargant* ———, who  
 “ was Counfil for *William Johnson* when I brought the  
 “ Ackshon of Resault and Batterie against *John Good-*  
 “ *man*, which was try’d at our Asyfis, was so mischa-  
 “ ritable as to deni me also ; and jockinglee advised  
 “ me to go for a *Lif-Gardman*, sayeng, I was hevvy and  
 “ lacy enuff for that Emplyment ; for which I hope  
 “ you and Brother *James* will not forgit him the next  
 “ tim he comes our Sirkir.

“ You cannot think what a Flustration this Accidence  
 “ has put me into, and I know my Glyents in the Country  
 “ will riflct upon me, as if I had bin guilty of som  
 “ scounderling Ackshon, which I never was or will be,  
 “ while

" while my Name is *Thomas W*——. This Ackt of  
 " Parlement has made me almost Mad, becaus I am  
 " now not in a Compasny to serv my Clyents, who  
 " must put these Rissines into other Peeples Hands, so  
 " that I am a very misfortunable Fellar, and hav refon  
 " to curs my Starrs that I was bred a Skollar, I had  
 " bettur bin a Plowman. I does intend to rit to my  
 " Unkel —— in *Summer sitheer* to see if he can git  
 " this thing don for me, otherwaes I must lose about  
 " thurten Caufs next *Hillbery-Term*.

" THE fal that I had from my Hors on the Road,  
 " and the ugly Dreem I had the Nite before I came  
 " from Home, were somthing lik the *Welch Corps*  
 " Kandle that goes about afore Peeples Deths in *Wales*,  
 " being farten Prisages of my presant misfortunate Tro-  
 " bles; if I couldnt hav raised the Mony for the Stomp  
 " as a great many Attorneys can't do, the thing wou'd  
 " never vex me.

Bell-yard, by Temple-  
 Bar, Nov. 27. 1730.

*Your loving Cousen, tell Deth,*

*Thomas W*——

*A SONG by an unknown Hand.*

**M**Y Masters, give ear,  
 And a Story you'll hear,  
 Of a fine Raree-Show, and a Garter;  
 Ne'er was seen such a Sight,  
 Since *Two Thumb* was a Knight,  
 In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.



In the Abbey that Day,  
 They did all things, but pray:  
 There were Ale, Cakes, and *Sin* for the *Rabbie*.  
 Such Doings unclean,  
 In a place ne'er was seen  
 Since the time that old *Pau's* was a *Stable*.

THE way that they took  
 Was thro' an old crooked *Nook*;  
 In order they might not be *seen-a*:  
 Long Scaffolds had they,  
 To show them the way,  
 Where they seldom or never had *been-a*.

THEY all walk'd, for the Prince,  
 Did with *Riding* dispense,  
 And with *Bathing*, a troublesome *Rite-a*;  
 For he knew, 'twas in vain,  
 They'd ne'er be wash'd clean,  
 No more than a *Blackamoor* *White-a*.

'Tis true that they took  
 A strong Oath on a Book,  
 In the times of old *Popery* known-a;  
 To be true all their lives,  
 To *Maids*, *Widows* and *Wives*,  
 And all *Ladies*, excepting their own-a.

WHICH Oath if they broke,  
 Then the Sovereign's *Cook*  
 Was to hack off the *Spur* of each *Don-a*;  
 But 'tis well if he cou'd,  
 For his *Eyes* must be good,  
 To see that they had any on-a.

7.

Now this being done,  
 They to Dinner did run,  
 With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a;  
 As they used to do,  
 Without Grace they fell to,  
 Ne'er minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

8.

To finish it all,  
 They at Night had a Ball,  
 Where the Ladies were dress'd to receive 'em;  
 What further was done,  
 Is better unknown,  
 So it's decent that there we should leave 'em.



*A King at ARMS disarm'd at LAW.  
 A Ballad by an unknown Hand.*

**Y**E fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaux who de-  
 ceive 'em,  
 Who with Passion engage, and without Reason leave  
 'em;  
 Draw near, and attend, how the Hero I sing,  
 Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' at Arms he was King.

2.

CRESTS, Mottos, Supporters, and Bearings knew he,  
 And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;  
 He wou'd fit a whole Evening, and not without Rapture,  
 Tell who begot whom, to the end of the Chapter.

3.

IN forming his Tables, nought griev'd him but solely  
That the Man died *Calebs*, or else *sine Prole* :  
At last having trac'd others Families down,  
He began to have Thoughts of increas'ing his own.

A Damfel he chose, not too slow of belief;  
And fain wou'd be deem'd her Admirer in chief:  
He *blazon'd his Suit*, and the Sum of his Tale  
Was *His Field and her Field, join'd party per Pale*.

IN different style, to tie faster the Noose,  
He next would attack her in soft Billet-doux:  
His *Argent and Sable* were laid aside quite;  
Plain *English* he wrote, and in plain *black and white*.

AGAINST such *Atchievements* what Beauty could  
fence?  
Or who would have thought it was all but pretence?  
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,  
The Lady agreed to join Hands with the 'Squire.

THE 'Squire in a fret, that the jest went so far,  
Consider'd, with speed, how to put in a *Barr*:  
His Word bound not him, since her's did not confine her;  
And that is plain Law, because *Mis*s is a Minor.

Mis's briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,  
If she who is a Minor, may not be a *W*—.  
In Law then confiding, she took it upon her,  
By Justice to mend these foul Breaches of Honour.

SHE handled him so, that few would (I warrant)  
Have been in his *Coat*, on so *sleeveless* an Errand.



She made him give Bond for stamp'd *Argent* and *Or*;  
And *febled* his *Shield*, with *Gules blazon'd* before.

YE *Heralds*, produce, from the time of the *Normans*,  
In all your *Records*, such a base *Non-performance*;  
Or if without instance the *Case* is we touch on;  
Let this be set down as a *Blot in his Scutcheon*.



### An EPIGRAM.

CUPID once having robb'd an *Hive*,  
He lik'd the *Trade*, and hope'd to thrive:  
At length the filching *Knave* was stung;  
Mad with the *Pain*, he stamp'd, he flung;  
His clammy *Fingers* off he blew,  
And to his *Mother* streight he flew.  
*Mamma*, he cries, this cursed *Bee*,  
How it has wounded me, you see;  
How big the *Swelling*! yet the *Sting*  
Was but a little tiny thing.

Quoth *Venus*, Precious *Son* of mine,  
Just such a tiny thing is thine;  
And yet, how much 'twill make 'em swell,  
After stol'n *Sweets*, the *Girls* can tell.



**Dr. Davey Shours, a Welsh Surgeon, his  
Bill at Oswestrey, for Mrs. Susanna  
Madox:**

Sept. 9, 1730.

|                                                |    |    |    |
|------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| <b>F</b> OR dressing her mortify'd cleere upon | l. | s. | d. |
| hur Lege, and clen it from stinkin,            |    |    |    |
| with sprits of Chamfre, Tinct. Myrhe,          |    |    |    |
| an udder dings prapor for 49 tims, 15 tims     | 3  |    |    |
| it cost me 2s. 6d. evry tim before I cowd      |    |    |    |
| get the stinking flessé away, and the oder     |    |    |    |
| 34 tims - - - - -                              |    |    |    |
| For lancin and scallin the bouné - - - - -     | 8  | 10 | 0  |
| For ungt. ols, and linimt. to anointe the      | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| stinkin Lege - - - - -                         |    |    |    |
| For Pills aurea gilded with goulde - - - - -   | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| For drams and cordiolls for hur and hur        |    |    |    |
| compancons. - - - - -                          | 0  | 7  | 6  |
| For lodgen, care, and attendunce appon hur -   | 1  | 12 | 6  |
| For runnin away, and hindrin me to have        |    |    |    |
| tim to make hur cure to perfectcion - - - - -  | 1  | 10 | 0  |
| For envy, hatred, and mallis, and ill-will in  |    |    |    |
| speaking, uttrin, and purnouncin sevrall       |    |    |    |
| reflecshons, and fuls storees upon me          | 1  | 12 | 0  |
| and my hous - - - - -                          |    |    |    |
| For brekin my glas in the glas windows         | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| with her hors is nos - - - - -                 |    |    |    |

l. 10 9 6  
EPI.

E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE lies Honest *William Darwe,*  
Altho' an Attorney at Law:  
If he be not blest,  
God help the rest.

*Another.*

**H**ERE lies *John Coom,*  
A Bailiff of the Boom;  
When he dy'd,  
The Devil cry'd,  
Come, *John,* come.

*Another in Topliff Church-yard in  
Yorkshire.*

**I** *John Bell* of *Crakebill* lys under this Stein,  
Four of my own Sons laid it on my Weam;  
I was a Man of my Meat, and Master of my Wife,  
And liv'd in my own House without mickle Strife,  
If thou be'st a better Man in thy Time than I was—in mine,  
Take this Stein off my Weam, and lye on Top of Thine.

*The*





### *The Way to PREFERMENT.*

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet Amiculus—*

**O**XFORD or Cambridge Wag, attend  
 The hum-drum Counsel of a Friend :  
 For Politic quit Lib'ral Arts ;  
 To Party sacrifice your Parts :  
 Yet gloss your Pensionary Zeal  
 With pure Regard of Public-Weal.  
 Write not like *Draper* or *John Bull* ;  
 But Ministerial be and Dull.  
 Propose as Patterns of thy Pen,  
 Stiff *H—*, pert *B—*, evasive *B—*.  
 To *R—* fawn like Spaniel Dog,  
 Growl like a Mungrel against *Fog* :  
 'Gainst *Caleb* shew your grinning Spite,  
 And snarl, tho' impotent to bite.  
 Hop'st thou a *P—* to be made ?  
 Then desecrate thy holy Trade :  
 Clasp thy old-fashion'd useless Bible ;  
 Write a prolix insipid Libel :  
 Was't thou a Prophet, or a Seer ;  
 What then ? if yet no Pamphleteer.  
 At all Reveal'd Religion laugh,  
 And idolize the Golden Calf.  
 Enjoy'st thou a Poetic Vein,  
 Fiction will find an ample Plain :

Abfurd

Absurd A——s commend,  
 And blund'ring T——s without end.  
 Hast thou a Talent for Dispute?  
 Prove H—— wife, Le H—— no Brute:  
 Whether France D—— does repair,  
 Nor is, nor ought to be our Care:  
 That Human Treaties cannot bind  
 The Lawless Power of Sea or Wind;  
 Louis and Neptune are great Odds:  
 And who would fight against the Gods?  
 To shew by Dint of Logic strive,  
 That Merchants most by Losses thrive;  
 Demonstrate that a Sp—— Fleet  
 Can fail at Anchor, peaceful beat:  
 But argue not in Form and Mood,  
 Lest haply you are understood,  
 If fond of Wit, to Virtue prone,  
 Thou scorn'st to turn a scribbling Drone;  
 Mark the Prophetic Words of GRUB,  
 Thoult live and die a learned Scrub.

BLASPHEMY as Old as the CREATION:  
 Or, The Newgate Divine. A Satyr.

Addressed to the modern Advocates of Irreligion,  
 Profaneness, and Infidelity.

*Quod si in hoc erro, quod animus humanum humanitas esse  
 credam, libenter erro: nec mihi hunc errorem, quo de-  
 lector, dum vivo, extingui volo.* TULLY.

WANT, or the Pride of being deem'd polite,  
 Tempts gay Apostates to deceive, and write;  
 Each sacred Truth to scorn, or to declaim;  
 Prompted by Hunger some, and some by Fame.

Few

Few starving TIND—LS would renounce their Creed,  
 Who on pure Faith could better drink and feed :  
 Nor for a Dinner in State-Errors deal,  
 If sound Divinity would fetch a Meal.  
 WOOLSTON wou'd own a *Saviour*, dread a Hell,  
 Like gainful Unbelief, did Scripture sell ;  
 The Godhead he derides, wou'd learn to fear,  
 Like Blasphemy, if *Miracles* sold dear.  
 But who can blame each Sage, in Judgment nice ?  
 Good Pagan Doctrines yield a better Price,  
 Who calculate exact their Gains each Day,  
 And know what Wages Heaven and Satan pay :  
 Each with that Piety and Prudence blest,  
 The Pow'r to own which cloath'd and fed 'em best.  
 Their Pot each Morn an Allegory fills ;  
 The *Spirit* saves 'em, while the *Letter* kills.  
 Not half so plump the mystick Doctor's made  
 By real *Substance*, as by *Type* and *Shade* :  
 'Twas weak to print cheap Truths, when for a Lye,  
 They knew the *British* Markets ran so high.  
 (All Books in Fraud and Falshood that excel,  
 Like Goods forbid by Law, more sure to sell.)  
 Unwise the Project, and the Authors vain,  
 Maintaining Texts that wou'd not them maintain.  
 All Truth 's in their Opinion but a Cheat,  
 Whose Patrons oft must write—but seldom eat.  
 Impossible a Scheme should be divine,  
 Whose Authors sup on Curds, on Trotters dine ;  
 Or any Faith a heavenly Sanction boast,  
 That feeds not all its Friends on Boil'd and Roast.  
 This \*TIND—L knew, and pious vow'd to quit,  
 Doctrines that wou'd but seldom turn his Spit ;

\* A modern Epicurean Writer ; very remarkable for his good Eating, and bad Principles.



Tir'd with a Church, whose Canons did define,  
 That to believe, was sweeter than to dine;  
 Within her Pale for him allow'd no Place,  
 Who thinks *good Eating* the first Christian Grace;  
 That Faith celestial only, that affords  
 The largest Bumpers, and the fullest Boards:  
 To number up his Crimes, he ne'er begins,  
 But always reckons *Fasts* among his Sins;  
 (These deeply moan'd) and deems the Guilt less great,  
 Each Evening not to pray, than not to eat:  
 Less ravish'd with his Duty than his Cup,  
 He oft forgets to kneel, but ne'er to sup.



*By the Author of the Satire, intituled,  
 Blasphemy as Old as the Creation.*

*To Mrs. --- on her working a Coat in Silks.*

WHEN MIRA's Hands her Needle thread,  
 What gaudy Scenes our Eyes surprize?  
 To view a Grove, or flowry Bed,  
 Beneath her snowy Fingers rise!  
 In every Leaf such Beauties dwell,  
 So fair they spread, so full they bloom;  
 Her skilful Fingers far excel  
 The Painters Quill, or Artift's Loom.  
 ON the rich Bed fresh Roses blown,  
 The Jesmin and the Myrtle meet;  
 And, as they mingle, seem to own,  
 More fair her Cheek, her Breath more sweet.

THAT

THAT Lilly from her Hand she took,  
Which with the Snow in Whiteness vies:

That bright Carnation from her Look,  
That shining Amaranth from her Eyes.

THOSE opening Buds but half reveal'd,  
That Promise soon a fairer Hue,  
Shew like her Breasts with Lawn conceal'd,  
Which boasts their Sweets and Softness too.

WHAT tho' the absent Sun retir'd,  
The naked Field no longer warms?  
Each Blossom, by her Art inspir'd,  
Opens as wide, as gayly charms.

THY Flow'rs for ever hold their Prime,  
Nor Frosts, nor chilling Winters fear;  
Since near thy Hoop, that happy Clime,  
'Tis Spring or Summer all the Year.

PITY, lov'd Maid, that envious Years  
Thy Youth should hurt, thy Sweets consume,  
When wrought by thee, each Bud appears.  
Unchang'd, and always in its Bloom.

EACH Youth with thee must surely grieve,  
The partial Rigour of the Sky;  
That MIRA'S Works must bloom and live,  
When MIRA'S Beauties fade and die.

A FEW fair Months our Gardens charm,  
Now flourish, and anon decay:  
Each Season on thy Coat is warm,  
And every verdant Month is *May*.

LET Autumns then the Lilly hide,  
Our Roses blast, our Myrtles chill:  
When seated close to MIRA'S Side,  
'Tis *June*, or fragrant *April* still.

VICTORIOUS Nymph! whose Hand has done  
 Beyond weak Nature's fainter Power:  
 Waking each Plant without the Sun;  
 Swelling each Bud without the Shower.

WHEN every Field beside is seen  
 Robb'd of its Pride; we here behold  
 Gay spreading Stems of lively Green,  
 And yellow Fruit of ripening Gold.



R--th the Quaker of little H--ll--nd House  
 near K---nfi---ton, to a Great Man at  
 Great Ch--sea, sendeth Greeting.

Friend R--

" WE regard not the Sayings of the *Man of Craft*,  
 " nor the Reproaches he casteth upon thee for  
 " the Leagues thou hast made with Foreign Nations;  
 " for behold, his Heart is set on unrighteous Things;  
 " his Mouth speaketh Vanity; he hath sharpen'd his  
 " Tongue like a Serpent, and Adders Poison is under  
 " his Lip: yea, he taketh delight in scoffing and unco-  
 " vering the nakedness of his own Land, wherefore  
 " heed we him not.

" WE know thou hast many Enemies who are evil-  
 " hearted unto thee, because they bear not Office under  
 " our Lord the King, and have no Authority over his  
 " People. Wherefore are their *Revilings* against thee  
 " many, insomuch, that Multitudes of the scum of the  
 " People



“ People are fed thereby; so art thou the means of  
 “ Comfort to those that hunger.

“ AR-B-LLA, a Daughter of the House of *Charb-l*,  
 “ dwelled a long time with me, and I was greatly  
 “ honoured of her: O! how my Soul hath rejoyced at  
 “ the Deeds of Valour done for the People of this  
 “ Land by *John* her Brother! yet did they ungraciously  
 “ say of him, *he was one that delighted in War*; and  
 “ now behold, they say of thee, *Thou delightest in*  
 “ *Peace*: Thus are their Mouths always filled with mur-  
 “ murings.

“ THY Kindness to thy Relations, thy Gratitude to  
 “ thy Friends, and Care of thy Servants, have drawn  
 “ upon thine Head great Indignation and Clamours from  
 “ the rude Multitude, than which nothing is more just  
 “ and reasonable so to do; for whom shall a Man pre-  
 “ fer to his Relations? Shall he not reward his Friends,  
 “ and provide for his faithful Servants? All that were  
 “ before thee in high Station did the like, or at least  
 “ ought to have done so; for *Jos-ph Add-s-n*, a Man of  
 “ much Wisdom, who was my Landlord and Neigh-  
 “ bour, held it meet and fitting to be done, as it is  
 “ written in his Book of humane Learning, call'd the  
 “ *Spectator*.

“ IF thou hast been craftily dealt with by *any* abroad,  
 “ why callest thou not forth the King's Men of Might  
 “ and his Men of Valour to chasten *them*; for altho' we  
 “ be a People of Peace, and will not that the Blood of  
 “ Men be spilled, yet it grieveth us sorely to behold  
 “ the Tauntings of the Enemy, who lurks privily, and  
 “ lieth in wait for the Milk and Honey of the Land,  
 “ Thou knowest well, that the Children of *England*  
 “ love battling, and rather than be idle, will fight with  
 “ one another; of which mine Eyes, as well as thine,  
 “ have beheld many examples.

THOU

" THOU must have read of him who *protected* the  
 " Realm before thee was't born, and albeit he did many  
 " unrighteous Acts, and was surrounded with divers  
 " great Evils, yet his Warlike Spirit made the Nations  
 " abroad to tremble. The wicked *Mazarine*, though  
 " a haughty and subtle Counsellor, having deign'd to  
 " withhold from him the mighty Tower of *Dunkirk*  
 " after it had been wrested from the People of *Spain*  
 " by the joint Navies and Hosts of *England* and *France*,  
 " and was by solemn League and Covenant to be given  
 " to us; the *Protector* in exceeding great wrath wrote  
 " to him thus:

*Thou Traytor, Mazarine,*

*If thou refusest to deliver Dunkirk into the Hands of*  
*Lockhart, my Friend and Counsellor, whom I have*  
*sent with full Powers to receive it; by the Eternal God*  
*I will come and tear thee from thy Master's Bosom, and*  
*hang thee at the Gates of Paris.* O. Cromwell.

" WHAT effect this profane Epistle had on the  
 " Heart of the stubborn Priest, I need not tell thee;  
 " it being well known unto the People of this Land.  
 " I have heard, that at the place call'd *Lincoln's-Inn*,  
 " where the Lawyers meet to counsel the People, this  
 " Writing is recorded, and is there to be seen of Men,  
 " even unto this Day.

" WHEREFORE at this Time stand ye not all up as  
 " one Man against the common Enemy? Forbear smiting  
 " one another with the edge of the Pen, discharge the  
 " Workers of Iniquity on both sides; Hirelings, who  
 " for gain to-day cry *Hosannah*, and to-morrow *Crucify*  
 " *him*. Let *Henry* remember the grace that hath been  
 " shewn unto him, and not take delight in mocking at the

" the misfortunes of the Land, but cleave unto his  
 " Wife and put away his Concubines, and if he can,  
 " fear God and honour his King. Even my Soul  
 " longeth to see *William the Haughty*, and *William of*  
 " the *West*, and thy Friend *Little William*, and thy  
 " self, united together in the bands of Peace. More-  
 " over, my Heart wisheth that *Philip the Wanderer*,  
 " if his Heart be turned, and he sorroweth for his Ini-  
 " quities, he may return home to his own Land in  
 " Peace, for the sake of his Forefathers. Let *Nicholas*  
 " *P—x—n* and *Nicholas Am—b—st* love each other,  
 " and lay aside their Prejudices, and let there be no  
 " more vain babblings; for behold when these things  
 " come to pass, will the Land flourish, the Hands of  
 " the King will be strengthened, and his People be able  
 " to avenge the Wrongs of the Enemy. Even tho' my  
 " self be stricken in Years, I will then array and go  
 " forth to help smite him in Battle.

From the Place of my Abode, called  
 Little H—ll—nd House, near unto  
 the side of the Road as thou goest  
 unto the Palace of our Lord the  
 King at Windsor, the first Day  
 of the Week.

Thy troubled Friend,

R—th.

The Norfolk Favourite; or, the Rise and  
 Fall of Gaveston.

A BALLAD.

A N antient Tale I mean to write,  
 Scorning new Deeds to bring to light;  
 Of Gallant Gaveston I sing,  
 Once much belov'd of England's King.

HIS



His Parents were of low Degree;  
And of as mean Ability;  
They farm'd their own poor small Estate,  
And never dreamt of growing Great.

TILL Fortune, who, oft shuns the Wife,  
That abject Knaves and Fools may rise;  
Pitch'd upon *Pierce* their eldest Son,  
To be a Darling of her own.

SHE found he was by Nature rude,  
Void both of Grace and Gratitude;  
But those Defects were well supply'd  
With matchless Impudence and Pride.

Now that from his Obscurity  
She might him raise to high Degree,  
The Hoodwink'd Goddess soon did bring  
In Progress that way *England's* King.

A PRINCE who was by Heaven design'd,  
To be a Blessing to Mankind:  
He was his Subjects Hearts Delight,  
Yet led away by Favourites quite.

AT the Town-Hall was made a Feast,  
To entertain the Royal Guest,  
And all the Country far and near,  
To see their King assembled there.

Among the rest old *Gaweston*,  
And with him *Pierce* his lucky Son,  
On whom the King soon fix'd his Eye,  
And call'd him to him presently.

WHOSE Son art thou, sweet Youth? he cry'd,  
The young Man readily reply'd,  
My Name, my Liege, is *Gaweston*,  
An honest Country Farmer's Son.

THE King said, if thou'lt go with me,  
And leave thy Friends, I promise thee,

I'll make thy Fortune; thou shalt shine  
In Court a Favourite of mine.

THEN happy I, quoth *Pierce*; indeed,  
I always thought it was decreed,  
I should not deal in Clods of Earth,  
My Soul disdains my humble Birth!

AND now in Court behold him plac'd,  
So with his Sovereign's Favour grac'd,  
No Post or Honour could be won,  
Unless approv'd by *Gaveston*.

ALL courted him, but su'd in vain,  
Merit could ne'er his Ear obtain;  
Yet promis'd on from Day to Day,  
Till *Major Money* found the Way.

HE manag'd *Pierce* with such Success,  
None fail'd for whom he did address;  
The vilest Criminal on Earth,  
The *Major* could redeem from Death.

THUS by the *Major's* cursed Power,  
*Pierce* did the Nation's Wealth devour;  
He rais'd the Scum of all the Earth,  
And threw down those of noble Birth.

HIS Brothers next to Court he brought,  
And Patent Posts for them he got;  
His Father too, as doth appear,  
Had twenty thousand Marks a Year.

As late DIRECTORS of known Fame,  
For ev'ry Brute subscrib'd a Name,  
So *Pierce* his Daughter, Sons and Wife,  
Had each three Posts secur'd for Life.

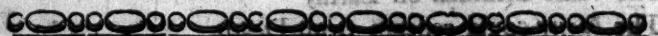
YET not content with all he got,  
He thought each Profit was his Lot,  
And Bribes from every Hand he took,  
Till God and Man his Part forsook.

THE People who thus long did bear,  
Rose as one Man, and did declare,  
They would both judge and execute,  
Then let who dar'd their Act dispute.

BUT *Pierce* was so o'ergrown with Pride,  
Tho' often warn'd such Threats defy'd,  
Till in a lucky pointed Hour,  
They seiz'd, and got him in their power.

THEN from his Coach they took him strait,  
And dragg'd him from his Palace-Gate;  
Low on the Ground for all to see,  
And hang him on a Gallows-Tree.

THUS justly fell proud *Gaveston*,  
For *England's* Good! deplor'd by none:  
And may all Villains such as he,  
With such a Fate rewarded be.



To Mrs. Kitty K--nd--ll of New-Windfor,  
*who loves Dancing.*

MAY I presume in humble Lays,  
My dancing Fair, thy Steps to praise;  
While this grand Maxim I advance,  
That all the World is but a Dance.  
That Human Kind, both Man and Woman,  
Do dance, is evident and common.  
DAVID himself, that God-like King,  
We know could Dance, as well as Sing.  
Folks who at Court would keep their Ground,  
Must Dance Attendance the Year round.  
Whole Nations Dance, gay frisking *France*,  
Has led the *English* many a Dance;

And



And some believe, both *France and Spain*,  
Resolve to take us out again.

All Nature is one Ball, we find,  
The Weather Dances to the Wind:  
The Sea it self, at Night, and Noon,  
Rises and Capers to the Moon.  
The Moon around the Earth does tread,  
A *Cheshire-Round*, yet ne'er looks red:  
The Earth and Planets round the Sun  
Dance, nor will their Dance be done,  
Till Nature in one Mass be blended;  
Then one may say, the Ball is ended.

*To a very OLD BACHELOR, intending to  
marry a very beautiful YOUNG MAID in  
Westminster.*

*Si qua voles aptè nubere, nube pari.*

OVID.

**T**HOU aged Lump of lifeless Clay,

Whose Face is furrow'd with Decay;  
Would'st thou a nuptial Life begin,  
When *Clotho* thy last Thread does spin?  
This feeble Remnant of thy Life,  
Marry a young and am'rous Wife:  
When all thy active Days are past,  
Thy Hour-Glass running to its last;  
Thus to set out at Eve of Night,  
When Life scarce gives a glim'ring Light;  
When Lees of Life the Taste destroy,  
And pall the most endearing Joy:  
Thy faint Addresses will but prove  
Mere Dotage, not Excess of Love.

Had'st thou in blooming Youth began,  
 When shaded *Chim* pronounc'd thee Man;  
 When Spring of Life thy Years had grac'd,  
 Thy Love on gay *Dorinda* plac'd,  
 Then each kind Glance, and ev'ry Kiss  
 Had open'd unknown Scenes of Bliss;  
 But *Hymen's* Rites can never long,  
 Old Age unite to one so young.  
 With such a Virgin should'st thou wed,  
*Akæon's* Horns will crown thy Head,  
 Or Something that thou worse may'st dread.



## A PROPHECT.

1.

**M**OST happy Times are now foretold,  
 The which we may rely on,  
 When *Courtiers* turn their backs on Gold,  
 And *BRASS* \* shall make good Iron.

2.

WHEN *Undertakers* with you Health,  
 And *Lawyers* Gospel teach,  
 And pamper'd Priests (despising Wealth,)  
 Give bounteous Alms and preach.

3.

PHYSICIANS plainly shall debate,  
 With Terms occult shan't tease us,  
*Tories* leave writing 'gainst the State,  
 And *Woolston* pray to *Jesur*.

\* One Mr. *Brass* become a mighty Advocate for the late Mr. *Wood's* Iron Project.

Upon



*Upon the same Subject.*

**O**UR Silver gone, and eke our Gold,  
What must we now rely on;  
*W—d's* Half-pence take, or else we're told  
They'll make us take his Iron.

HIS Iron we must buy and sell,  
Tho' *Tomkyns* says in sport,  
No doubt 'twould feed an *Ostrich* well,  
Like *Cruft* it breaks so short.

BUT whilst Arch-Wags this Iron mock,  
As poultry Stuff on trial,  
A *Quaker* noted for great *Stock*,  
Affirms 'fore G—d, he'll buy all.



*Cut with a Diamond on a Pane of Glafs  
at the Bell and Castle in Windfor.*

**B**Y *Jove*, 'tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard,  
That the Life of a Man,  
Should be but a *Span*,  
And that of a Woman a *Yard*.





ODE for NEW-YEAR'S-DAY. 1731.

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq; Poet Laureat.

*As it was Perform'd, both Vocal and Instrumental,  
before all the Royal Family, in the Council-Cham-  
ber at St. James's.*

RECITATIVO.

ONCE more the ever-circling Sun,  
Through the Coelestial Signs has run;  
Again Old Time inverts his Glass,  
And bids the Annual Seasons pass:  
The Youthful Spring shall call for Birth,  
And glad with Op'ning Flow'rs the Earth;  
Fair Summer load with Sheaves the Field,  
And Golden Fruit shall Autumn yield:  
Each to the Winter's Want their Store shall bring,  
Till warmer Genial Suns recall the Spring.

AIR.

Ye grateful Britons, blest the Year  
That kindly yields Increase,  
While Plenty that might feed a War,  
Enjoys the Guard of Peace.  
Your Plenty to the Skies you owe,  
Peace is your Monarch's Care,  
Thus Bounteous JOVE and GEORGE below,  
Divided Empire share.

RECITATIVO.

Britannia, pleas'd, looks round her Realms, to see  
Your various Causes of Felicity;

To

( 47 )

To Glorious War a Glorious Peace succeeds;  
For most we triumph when the Farmer feeds:  
Then truly are we great, when Peace supplies  
Our Blood, our Treasure drain'd by Victories.  
Turn, happy *Britons*, to the Throne your Eyes,  
And in the Royal Offspring see  
How amply Bounteous Providence supplies,  
The Source of your Felicity.

AIR.

Behold in ev'ry Face Imperial Graces shine,  
All Native to the Race of GEORGE and CAROLINE.  
In each young Hero we admire,  
The blooming Vertues of his Sire;  
In each Maturing Fair we find,  
Maternal Charms of softer Kind.

RECITATIVO.

In vain through Ages past has *Phæbus* roll'd,  
E'er such a Sight blest'd *Albion* cou'd behold.  
Thrice happy Mortals, if your State you knew;  
Where can the Globe so blest'd a Nation shew?  
All that of you indulgent Heav'n requires,  
Is loyal Hearts to reach your own Desires:  
Let Faction then her self-born Views lay down,  
And Hearts united thus address the Throne:

AIR.

Hail! Royal *Cæsar*, hail!  
Like this may every Annual Sun  
Add Brighter Glories to thy Crown,  
Till Suns themselves shall fail.

RECITATIVO.

May Heav'n thy peaceful Reign prolong,  
Nor let to thy great Empire's Wrong  
Foreign or Native Foes prevail.

CHORUS.

Hail!



*A Hymn to the New Laureat, by a Native  
of Grub-Street.*

**O** CR—R darling of the Tunesful *Nine*!  
Whose Lays with most Celestial Splendor shine,  
Patron of Bards, mild Monarch of the Stage,  
Thou Golden Laureat of this Golden Age!

**LET** VIRGIL, and let HOMER be forgot,  
Let MILTON perish, and let SHAKESPEAR rot;  
Rise CR—R rise, in their Inglorious Fall!  
The Times are chang'd, and thou out-do'st 'em all.

**NAY**, thou out-do'st thy very own *Out-doing*,  
Whither art thou thy Victories pursuing?  
The Field thine own, repose thy Learned Head;  
'Tis barbarous to kill 'em, now they're dead.

**ENOUGH** of Conquest, and enough of Spoils:  
Reap now the Harvest of thy glorious Toils,  
Bind the Triumphant Circlet round thy Brows,  
And o'er thy Butt of Sack in Peace carouse.

**BEGIN** the Triumph! Grace the Calvalcade,  
In all thy PARAPHERNALIA rich array'd;  
Dazle the Eyes of the admiring Croud,  
And God of Numbers stand henceforth avow'd.



## VI.

SEE! see the Poets grin, and snarl, and frown;  
 Some cut their Throats, some hang themselves, some  
 down.  
 The *Bibliopolizing* Tribe repine,  
 Since all Men's Works Waste-paper are—but Thine.

## VII.

WITH more than pregnant Woman's With I long,  
 For *New-Year's-Day*, to see thy *New-Year's Song*;  
 Then shall I see what ne'er was seen before,  
 Content with which, I'll never with for more.

## VIII.

METHINKS, I hear the Universal Voice  
 Applaud thy *Presentator's* prudent Choice,  
 And own that he who such a Man could chuse,  
 Ought only to be sung by such a Muse.

## IX.

THOU more than Immortality can't give,  
 Could those thou Sing'st but with thy Labours live;  
 For, to our Admiration, well we know  
 That *Time* was *Kill'd* by Thee, long *Time* ago.

## X.

LET then the whole chronologizing Crew  
 Begin their Calculations all anew;  
 Let all Things past Obliterated be,  
 And Wit's true *ÆRA* fix its Date from Thee.

## XI.

MANKIND before was never in the Right,  
 But Things now seem in quite a different Light;  
 Thou hast reform'd the Faults of Ages past,  
 And taught us to be what we are at last.

## XII.

THE Legislative Power might gain Applause,  
 Would it enforce by most coercive Laws,

H

The

((50))

The Publick to Approve what-e'er is Thine:

O! What a Title would then in Britain shine!

XIII

BUT who would thus for Publick Pastime drudge,

While the wrong-headed Vulgar dare to judge!

If I were Mighty C——R, by this Light!

Till such a Law were past, I would not Write.

XIV

THERE's not a Critick should draw Vital Breath,

I'd have 'em punish'd instantly with Death,

If what I offer'd didn't at once go downy

I'd stop my Hand, and cry C——d D——n the Town.

XV

BUT, Self-Conviction tells me I'm to blame

With Britain's Phœnix thus a Wretch to name,

Is whom the Gods have made a stupid Block,

While thou can'st boast such a prodigious Stock!

XVI

PARDON, blight Bard, this too presumptuous Song

In one! the meanest of the Grubbes Throng;

And right Construction of my Labours make,

Nor Panegyrick for Derision take.

XVII

SINCE 'tis not Insolence, or Emulation;

But high Esteem, and perfect Adoration,

That prompts the Muse to celebrate thy Fame,

And, Naming Thee, Eternalize her Name.

XVIII

THIS is my sole Ambition, sole Desire,

When I from Hence to other Worlds retire,

(To Mine, and to my Country's deathless Praise)

It may be said I liv'd when C——R wore the Bays.

XIX

THE

could it enforce by most coercive Laws

*An Epistle from John Hooper, alias Ketch;  
Citizen and Cord-wayner, of London;  
and Middlesex, Essex, Kent and Surrey,  
to the Rape-master-General of Great-  
Britain.*

SINCE Fate deceiv'd us both in Fear and Hope,  
Me in my Fee, and you, Sir, in a Rope;  
Since baulk'd in my Attendance at the Tree,  
To shew your Honour my Dexterity;  
I shall not share the parting Psalm and Cup;  
Then eye the Knave—good Night—so tuck you up;  
Yet think the threatening Storm not quite o'er-blown,  
But hear the Monarch of the Three-legg'd Throne.

LET not good Fortune from your Memory cast  
The Man—who by his Friends sticks to the last;  
For their sakes meets the dread Approach of Death,  
And catches in a Hug their parting Breath;  
Let not your Pride with your Success rise,  
But seem attentive, while I do advise;  
Listen, as tho' I had you in a String,  
The Cart prepar'd to move, and you to swing;  
Your future Frolicks thus you shall maintain,  
Secure from real Rapes, or those you feign.

WHERE was the Cunning of your Country lost, W  
(Cunning! the only Art the *St—b* can boast!)  
That thus you dar'd to stand the fiery Test,  
To save your Gold;—and turn a publick Jest?  
Can Justice ever let your Crimes escape,  
Whose Character alone would prove a Rape;



Or Heav'n unmov'd, such lawless Scenes review,  
Whilst *Tyburn* mourns a Victim long in Due!

No thinking Jury cou'd espouse your Cause,  
So strong her Evidence, so plain our Laws;  
Your Witneses their Parts did over-act,  
Their Honour, like your Vigour, we suspect:  
Had you resolv'd to make your Virtue clear,  
Your Incapacity shou'd first appear;  
Your shapeless, sapless Carcass there been shewn,  
With all the lifeless Trump'ry of a Drone,  
Undoubted Proofs of Impotence alone:  
Grizly Threescore in Form had you display'd,  
What Jury cou'd believe you forc'd a Maid?  
Some Things the Law demands she soon might feign,  
But never make your Penetration plain;  
For when you bravely storm'd the Petticoat,  
You only thrust your — \* *Night-Cap* in her Throat.

Or did the Honour of the Case provoke,  
To give up Life and Fortune for a Joke?  
Proud of the rampant Ravisher's bright Name,  
Bravely you ventur'd all to fix a Fame;  
How strange your Fate! — Such Vengeance is your Due,  
Stripp'd and condemn'd — for what you cou'd not do.

Thus doating Witches of bleak *Scotia's* Land,  
In mad Conceit all Nature's Works command;  
Make the rude Elements obey their Charms,  
Thunder at Land, and raise at Sea loud Storms;  
Mounted on Brooms, thro' Air they swiftly ride,  
And dance and sing with *Satan* and his Bride:  
Wife Mother *Kink* devours the stupid Tales,  
And equal Faith o'er Priests and Flocks prevails;  
The strong Delusions so possess their Brain,  
They fly to Death, their Credit to maintain.

\* Swore at the Trial by *A. B. C.*

WHEN

WHEN next th' *Old Bailey's* dreadful Bar you grace,  
And the forc'd Virgin stares you in the Face;  
Let her, like \* *Bess*, with Sword erected stand,  
Whilst you the Scabbard waver with your Hand;  
Your thick-scall'd Fry then will plainly see  
A nimble Tail secure Virginity,  
And ev'ry Wriggle set a Maiden free.

YOUR Pimps may swear you ravish like old *Jove*,  
And have as oft in various Shapes made Love;  
You cannot boast the Silver Swan's bright Charms,  
Nor can you thunder in a Virgin's Arms;  
Your only Merit is the golden Show'r,  
And that into no Female Lap you pour;  
But if the God e'er took a Form so dull,  
'Twas when he leap'd *Europa* as a Bull.

O *Ch—s!* — *Ch—s!* had you serv'd her better  
You long might live from Halter free and Fetter;  
*Nan* swore the Rape,—because you did not—† *wet her*.  
She ne'er had prov'd you such a vig'rous Sinner,  
But that you did not—put the Matter in her:  
Cou'd youthful Ardour from your Eye-balls start,  
And God-like Vigour nerve each feeble Part,  
No Rape had stunn'd our Ears, or froze your Heart.

TRUST me, who know the Inwards of that Sex,  
And scorn with trifling Doubts your Soul to vex;  
Fearless you still may meet each injur'd Dame,  
Cou'd you but lay, as well as raise the Flame.  
And sprinkle Drops of Pleasure with the Shame.  
The Man that ravishes they can forgive,  
But grieve to let the fumbling Letcher live.

THEN don't affect the Stallion, when grown Old,  
But as you've lost your Teeth, let go your Hold;

\* Queen *Elizabeth's* Method of shewing a Rape.

† The Term made use of at the Trial.

Lay your *Servants* down, thou very *Turk*;  
 And do not taste your Maids; but let them work;  
 Take your neglected Dearest to your Arms;  
 And sup at least on Matrimonial Charms;  
 Too much for such a thankful Wretch she wrought,  
 She sure may have you,—now you're good for naught.  
 YOUR former Course of Life if you'll maintain,  
 And Mercy now is exercis'd in vain,  
 Think, that the Judges on the Bench you see,  
 Think of the Jury and the Triple Tree,  
 And if you please—you then may think of me,  
 As keenest Sportsmen for their Game do watch;  
 So for your Honour waits, your humble Slave—

John Kerob.



*The Sportive Lambs.*

*Procul, ô procul este Profani!*  
*Conclames Vates, totaque abfistite Loco.* Virgil.

**A** Certain Presbyterian Pair  
 Were wedded rather Day;  
 And when in Bed the LAMBS were laid,  
 Their Pastor came to pray,  
 But first he bade each Guest depart,  
 Nor Sacred Rites profane;  
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries  
 Can never entertain.



THEN with a Puritanick Air,  
 Unto the Lord he pray'd,  
 That he would please to grant **Entreaty**  
 To that same **Man and Maid**:  
 And that the Husbandman might **draw**  
 Full well the **Vine** his **Wife**:  
 And like a **Vine** she still might twine  
 About him all her **Life**:  
 Sack-Poffet then he gave them both,  
 And said with lifted **Eyes**,  
 Blest of the Lord! with **one Accord**  
 Begin your **Enterprise**:  
 The Bridegroom then drew near his **Spouse**,  
 T'apply Prolifick **Balm**:  
 And while they strove in **mumal Love**,  
 The Parson sung a **Psalm**.  
 In Riches and in Trade excels;

The Fifth Ode of the Fourth Book of  
**HORACE. Imitated.**

Address'd to Sir R. WALPOLE in Norfolk.

O Born to do thy Country Good,  
 Thou Guardian of thy Native Land,  
 'Tis Time to leave the peasant Wood,  
 And re-assume thy high Command.  
 Return, and by thy Counsels bless  
 The Realm with Plenty and with Peace.

O come! and with thy Presence bring  
 More Joy to the exulting Crowd,  
 Than the returning Sun in Spring;  
 While all their Wish proclaim aloud,  
 That thy refulgent Glories may  
 Shine brighter than the brightest Day.

As Mothers, who an only Heir  
 O'er stormy Seas expecting home,  
 Do daily to the Shore repair,  
 With Eyes that long to see him come:  
 More warm their Wishes cannot be,  
 Than ours, O *Walpole*, are for thee;

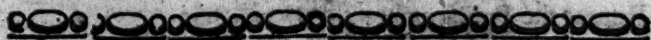
For thee, from whose propitious Toil  
 The lab'ring Swain in safety dwells,  
 For thee, by whom this happy Isle  
 In Riches and in Trade excels;  
 Quiet at Home thy Cares bestow,  
 And Peace abroad in thee we owe.

BLESSINGS from all upon thee wait  
 With thee our Morning Prayers resound,  
 Grown gayer as the Night grows late,  
 Thus to thy Health the Glass is crown'd,  
 May Success all thy Schemes attend,  
 And may thy Fortune know no End!



### *An ACROSTICK.*

*W*hen CATO dy'd for Liberty and Laws,  
*A*ll Hearts were melted, with the glorious Cause;  
*L*ost to the State, and to his Country's Good,  
*P*raises on him are even yet bestow'd.  
*O* then can *Reverence* be to *HIM* deny'd,  
*L*iving alone, for *what* that CATO dy'd,  
*E*nriched by his Foes, with *Envy, Rage, and Pride!* }



### *The RETALIATION.*

*To a young Lady who received a Kiss as an Affront,  
 at a City Visit.*

**Y**OUNG *Civiana*, gay and fair,  
 Known for her Wit, and well-bred Air,  
 A Visit made one Day;

Where *Cymon* with an aukward Mien,  
 Unluckily for him, came in,  
 His Folly to betray.

*H*e bow'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,  
 But wou'd all round salute the Fair,

Not only those he knew;  
 The Visited; but the gay *Belle*,  
 Their Visiter: ah, shame to tell!

The Blockhead kiss'd her too,

I

AND



AND what was worse, or was as bad,

The rest, by his example led,

Repeated the Affront;

The Lass did her Resentment shew,

She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow,

Such Rudeness, she upon't!

FAIR-one, while yet your Anger burns,

If *Cymon* to the place returns,

As soon, no doubt, he will;

Be there with twenty Virgins more,

For Kisses three, inflict threescore,

You can't use him too ill.

DO, at the self-same time and place,

That all may witness his Disgrace,

Repeat the Punishment:

With throbbing Heart the guilty Clown,

Shall your impartial Justice own,

And — sit him down content.



### CLOE'S Precaution.

FORGIVE me, *Venus*, if I tell,

What on thy sacred Eye befall;

When happy, if forbid to boast,

Much of the Happiness is lost.

CLOE, a Nymph of matchless Mien,

Who long the reigning Toast had been,

Of all the Wits, and Rakes, and Smarts,

That prowl, to prey on Virgins' Hearts;

Yet ever to her Honour true,

Unless — what's that? — with one or two.

One night, as we together sat,  
 Passing the smiling Hours in chat,  
 We took a Glass, 'twas pretty late.  
 The Nymph relax'd her Eyes confess'd,  
 Her Virtue scarce would stand the test.  
 Love, Wine, or both, had fill'd her Head,  
 The Spies were sent away to bed;  
 Spight of her Pride, the engaging she,  
 Avow'd a Passion — and for me.  
 Then let's to bed, — you shan't, — I will:  
 Don't offer't, for I vow I'll squeal.  
 Child, if you do, 'twill be all one.  
 Nay, then, — but keep your Breeches on;  
 Agreed, — 'twas done as soon as said,  
 I in my Breeches — went to bed.

*EPITAPH on JOSEPH HARE, a Sexton,*

**H**ERE lies old HARE,  
 Worn out with Care,  
 Who whilom toll'd the Bell,  
 Could dig a Grave,  
 Or set a Stake,  
 And say *Amen* full well.

For Sacred Song,  
 He'd HOPKINS' Tongue,  
 And STERNHOLD's *eke* also;  
 With Cough and Hem,  
 He stood by them,  
 As far's his Word would go.

3.  
**FULL** many a *Feast*,  
 For *Worms* he *dress'd*,  
 Himself yet wanted *Bread*;  
 But he is gone,  
 With *Skin* and *Bone*,  
 To *starve* 'em now he's *Dead*.

4.  
**HERE** take his *Spades*,  
 And use his *Trade*,  
 Now he is *out of Breath*,  
 Cover the *Bones*  
 Of him, who *once*  
 Wrought *Journey-work* for *DEATH*.



### *Characters of Men and Manners.*

**O**CEAN's vast Womb, nor *Afric's* Desarts can  
 Produce a *Monster* like the Creature—*MAN*.  
 Proudly he *boasts* of being *just* and *wise*;  
 His ev'ry *Aff* that empty *Boast* belyes:  
 Severe to *others*, more *himself* to blame,  
 Vainly he *struts*—and glories in his *Shame*.

BE not surpriz'd, *dear NED*, tho' *Fools* you find,  
 That fain would be what Heaven ne'er design'd:  
 For I'm not single.—Thousands croud behind.

WITH awkward *Airs* *ORLANDO* apes the *Great*,  
 Thinks *Riches* Merit, and takes *Pride* for *State*:

Thro



Thro' *Ostentation* gives the costly *Treat*,  
 And starves his *Servant* that his *Guests* may eat:  
 All tinsel'd o'er displays himself to View,  
 But does mean Things his *Groom* would scorn to do.

Ill suit the glittering *Plate*, the rosy *Bowl*,  
 The splendid *Banquet*, and the sordid *Soul*.

Who e'er would guess from *CIMON*'s clownish  
 Mien,

That he'd be thought a *Beau*, who's never clean?  
 Yet thus it is—and earnest after *Praise*,  
 He mimicks *MYRTLE*'s *Airs* a thousand *Ways*:  
 Just so his *Sword* sticks—strutting by his *Side*:  
 So his *Cane* dangles:—So his *Wig* is ty'd.

*MARWELL*'s the dullest *Rogue* that ever spoke:  
 But *MARWELL* still is thrusting in his *Joke*:  
 And when his *Hearers* laugh, the happy *Fool*  
 Thinks they approve what they but *ridicule*.

ILL-bred *ROBUSTO*, with a *Carter's Air*,  
 Is still in *Love*, and toying with the *Fair*:—  
 To be gallant he aims, and in her *Ear*,  
 Whispers such Things as *Virgins* ne'er shou'd hear;  
 Nor knows, that while he tells *her* he adores,  
 He frights the *Maid*—for when he sighs—he roars.

*ALEXANDER* vainly vaunts in ev'ry Place  
 The ancient *Honours* of his noble *Race*:  
 Of high *Command*, and deathful *Deeds*, he tells,  
 And with the *Blood* of *Kings* his Bosom swells.  
 Imprudent *Pride*! which urges to enquire,  
 And makes all learn the *Lowness* of his *Sire*,  
 Who little dream'd, when toiling at his *Trade*,  
 Of this long *Lineage*—which his *Son* has made.

*IRIS*, at Sixty, apes the Wit and Mien  
 Of blooming *Celia*, who is scarce Sixteen:

Affects

Affects the careless *Dea* and downcast *Eye*,  
 The striking *Enguill*, the *Conch*,  
 Shows those *my* *Hairs*, Discretion bids her hide,  
 Nor sees how much the scoffing *Crowds* deride,  
*Chloris* has lost her *Teeth*, and worse by *Self*,  
 Her *Breath* is not sweet—  
 That she can't help—But need she always *laugh*?  
*Chloris* dances, tho he cannot walk:  
 And flammering *Claro* still is full of *Dark*,  
 Without a *Voice*, unask'd, *LANTHE* sings:  
 And *Livia* prides to utter foolish Things,  
*Ourselves* mistaking, fond of what's unfit,  
*GENE* will marry—and *myself* have writ.



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